

A

# P O E M,

BY

CHARLES WHITTLESEY CAMP;

AND THE

# VALEDICTORY ORATION,

BY

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P O E M.

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A VISION OF LIFE.

## P O E M.

BROTHERS ! the hour of our farewell has come ;  
We must turn our feet from this quiet home ;  
We must leave our place in this house of prayer ;  
Our place 'neath the shades of these classic walls ;  
And each alone must his armor bear,  
And turn where his fate or his fortune calls,  
And haste to his life's great conflict, where,  
In the world's wide battle, he wins or falls.  
Oh ! could we pierce through the sombre clouds,  
The mist, and the shadowy veil that shrouds  
The unknown pathway that we must tread  
In our march to the city of the dead,  
Each eye, as the shadows sped airily back,  
Might anxiously, earnestly glance o'er the track,  
And mark, ere this home of our boyhood we leave,  
The mingling sorrows and joys that weave  
And blend light and shadow along the way  
That we enter, untried, and unguided, to-day.  
O hasten ! fly backward, ye shadows dark !  
Dispel, ye mist-wreaths, and let us mark,  
Ere yet from this threshold our footsteps are bidden,  
What scenes 'neath thy canopy silent lie hidden.

Obedient, as the poet wills,  
The cloudy shadows pass away :  
They melt along the distant hills—  
And through the vales, behold ! the day  
Pours the effulgence of its ray !

There seemeth a pathway winding afar  
 Through glens where the fragrant blossoms are ;  
 O'er difficult mounts that are high and steep ;  
 Amid forest groves where the shadows sleep,  
 And the traveler hides from the bright noon-beams,  
 And is lulled to rest by the murmuring streams ;  
 O'er hills where the bleak, bleak tempests rave  
 Unchecked on the tops of the shelterless highlands ;  
 And, lo ! at the end is a grass-grown grave,  
 And dark waves curling round sunny islands.  
 Nor silent the vision—the swelling of song  
 Floats, loudly and sweet, through the valleys along :  
 All echoes are mingled,—the lightsome tone  
 Of happiness blended with grief's low moan,  
 While voices from far on the listening air glide  
 As of guardian spirits, that wait to guide  
 Our devious steps through the wilderness wide.

I hear the call of our own blest land :  
 A voice she hath for this waiting band—  
 A voice from our buried fathers' graves,  
 From the rocks where they prayed by the wintry waves,  
 From the hills baptized with their blood, and sown  
 With their bones and ashes, and thenceforth known  
 By the names of the heroes o'er them strown.  
 It floats to us from the proud domains  
 Of the sunny southern vales and plains ;  
 From the land where the 'Father of Waters' sweeps  
 His rushing tide to the shrinking sea ;  
 And sounds from the west, where the red man keeps  
 His wigwam yet 'mid the forest deeps,  
 Or roams o'er the prairies, untamed and free.  
 The blood of our ancestors ! shall it flow  
 More cold in our youthful veins and slow,  
 And our hearts less faithful and earnest be,

And throb less strongly for liberty ?—  
 Land of our home ! we will love thee well ;  
 We will guard thee with ceaseless care ;  
 And oh ! if in other lands we dwell,  
 Our filial hearts at thy name shall swell  
 With pride for the birthright that we bear,  
 And our souls for thy welfare be bowed in prayer.  
 The light is dim on the classic shore,  
 That brightly glowed in the days of yore ;  
 For the ashes of heroes are vainly strown  
 O'er a land whence their spirit is ever flown.

And Time o'er thy glory his right may claim,  
 And thy ruins be strown where thy banner waves,  
 But earth shall not witness the hour of shame,  
 When Columbia's sons, 'mid their fathers' graves,  
 Shall bear the burden and brand of slaves !

Another voice—and a form of light  
 All glowing and beautiful beams on the sight.  
 Hail, glorious Truth ! for thy name is known  
 By the garment stainless around thee thrown,  
 And the crown of stars on thy radiant brow  
 Inwove with the peaceful olive bough.  
 A garland of beauty her priests shall twine  
 For the worshipers humble that bow at her shrine,  
 While rout and discomfiture wait upon those  
 Who battle in vain 'neath the flag of her foes.  
 And hark ! as her clear voice echoeth by,  
 She calls aloud, and the tone swells high,  
 'Say, will ye fight for the Truth and live ?  
 Or vainly fight for her foes and die ?  
 Or cowardly slink to your graves, and give  
 No thought nor care to the battle cry,  
 Nor share in defeat or in victory ?'  
 We hear thee, we heed thee, and life shall tell,

O radiant queen ! of the answer we gave,  
 When the combat is joined, and the bugle notes swell,  
 And the rush of the battle around us shall rave.  
 When the hosts that oppose thee are thick in the fray;  
 And error exulting hath proudly defied thee ;  
 When the heart of the strong ones shall quail in dismay,  
 And the warriors be few that thy summons obey,—  
 Then ours be the glory to battle beside thee.

Or, perchance, retired afar  
 From the tumult of the war,  
 'Mid the distant vales and lone,  
 Some their labors shall essay,  
 Striving, silent and unknown,  
 Still to guide the feet that stray,  
 To the straight and narrow way,  
 Spending, for their erring neighbors,  
 Patient toil and quiet labors.

Where the lonely taper glows,  
 They that win by silent toil ;  
 They that battle with the foes  
 Where the thickest hosts recoil ;  
 Yielding not to doubt or terror ;  
 All that love her cause alone ;  
 All that bravely combat error,  
 Truth shall crown them as her own.

Nor these alone—o'er the path of years,  
 Behold ! a numerous train appears.  
 Lo ! Fame uplifteth her honors high,  
 And vaunteth of glories that may not die,  
 Of a title to immortality.  
 See where she looks, from her mount of pride,  
 On the countless host in the valley wide.

A shout ! a shout ! and they rend the air  
 That the echoes swell to the heavens, and bear  
 Thy name, as they roll, to the listening skies,  
 Thy name as the sound declines and dies.

Pass on ! pass on ! from the thronging crowd,  
 From the tumult of fame, from the boasting loud,  
 And follow the path as it windeth away  
 'Mid a happier glen where the sunbeams stray  
 Through the lingering shadows of whispering trees,  
 That murmur of sleep in the swaying breeze.  
 Oh ! linger we yet 'mid the blossoming bower  
 That Fancy hath builded in youth's bright hours ;  
 And twine we a wreath from the Edna flowers,  
 Yet bright with the hues  
 Of their freshness gay,  
 Yet sparkling with dews  
 In the morning ray.  
 The joys that were rarest  
 In youth's happy dawn ;  
 The scenes that seemed fairest  
 In days that are gone ;  
 What pleasures have beamed  
 In poetical numbers ;  
 What beauty hath dreamed  
 In her happiest slumbers ;  
 The visions and glories  
 That airy sprites planned  
 In the fanciful stories  
 Of fairy-land,  
 On memories olden  
 All faintly that fall,—  
 Our Paradise golden  
 Shall bloom with them all !

While Hope ecstatic strikes the strings  
 Of her lightsome lute, and sings—  
 Sings she, in her changing measure,  
 Such a song of lively pleasure,  
 That the loves and graces round  
 Lightly dance unto the sound,  
 While the iris spans the shroud  
 Of each dark and heavy cloud.  
 Brother, list!—the echo ringeth,—  
 Of thy future home she singeth;  
 Points thee to yon quiet glen,  
 Hidden from the haunts of men,  
 Where, beneath her bower of roses,  
 Thine own chosen nymph reposeth—  
 Be the joy of coming years  
 Bright as now the dream appears.

Oh! gaze we no longer, with earnest glance,  
 O'er the glen where the fairy shadows dance,  
 And linger no more where the shadows play,  
 But follow our path as it windeth away.

No day is so bright  
 But the night shade descends,  
 No scene of delight  
 But its loveliness ends.

By the dark ravine of yon brooklet see  
 Where silent Grief bendeth to sorrow, alone,  
 While the sighing breeze wakens the melody  
 Of the harp that hangs on the willow tree,  
 And the music of woe o'er the scene is thrown,  
 As the gloomy air echoes the faintest tone  
 Of the voices of mourning, that seem to flow  
 From the angels of pity thus trembling, and slow.

Daughter of sorrow ! in bitterness weep  
 Tears for the loved ones beneath thee that sleep.  
 Bright eyes are faded, and fond hearts are cold,  
 Mild voices silent that cheered thee of old.  
 Weep o'er the visions in beauty that shone,  
 Joys, O how fleeting ! now faded and flown—  
 Tears for the sorrowful freely be shed,  
 Tears for the sorrowful, tears for the dead.

Mourn for the mourners, the mourners that o'er  
 Hopes that are perished their agony pour.  
 Eyes that beamed brightly are reddened with woe,  
 Tears from their lashes unceasingly flow ;  
 Songs that rung gaily are heavy and sad ;  
 Daughters of beauty in sackcloth are clad ;—  
 Tears for the sorrowful freely be shed,  
 Tears for the sorrowful, tears for the dead.

Blossoms must wither at earliest dawn,  
 Learn ye to cherish them,—and they are gone ;  
 Fair things and beautiful speedily fade,  
 Lone in the sepulchre silent are laid ;  
 And, as ye gather them back to the dust,—  
 Bending in anguish yet bending in trust,—  
 Tears for the sorrowful freely be shed,  
 Tears for the sorrowful, tears for the dead.

Yet joys await thee,—the sorrows that cast  
 Round thee their shadows shall quickly be past ;  
 Rest to the heart-broken soon shall be given ;  
 Grief is earth's shadow,—it falls not in heaven ;  
 Sin and the spoiler there hold not their sway ;  
 'Sorrow and sighing shall vanish away'—  
 Joy o'er the sorrowful freely be shed,  
 Joy o'er the sorrowful, life o'er the dead.

As my spirit sweeps along,  
Faintly distant, dies the song.

The vision hath changed,—and the train of years,  
With its moments of joy and its hours of tears,  
Is flown, and the last lone scene appears.

There's a pilgrim weary sits on the ground,  
By a mossy tombstone old ;  
And his dull dim eyes from the grassy mound  
He listeth to trace out the names he hath found  
On the monument gray and cold.  
And still, as he readeth on, one by one,  
From the first faint line till his work is done,  
And the names once familiar again recall  
The memories of long ago,  
And the shadows of other years pleasantly fall,  
Like sunbeams that play on the ruined wall  
Where the moss and the ivy grow,—  
A sigh from the old man's breast is drawn,  
And he weeps as he falters, 'They're gone ! they're gone !'

" Like a vision that memory sweet appears,  
Like a dream of my childhood's day ;  
For bright were the hours of those peaceful years,  
Unclouded with sorrow, undimmed with tears,—  
And quickly they passed away.  
There were pleasant scenes 'neath the arching boughs  
Of the waving elms ere the night shut in,  
When care sat light upon youthful brows,  
And the jest and the right good laugh could rouse  
Responsive shouts in the twilight din.  
Ha, ha ! for it rung so gaily then,  
The laugh of an hundred merry men,—

And my soul still hears, like a pleasing chime,  
 The gladsome voice of that 'golden time,'—  
 But those that sported at manhood's dawn  
 So blithely and gaily, are gone ! are gone !

"There were generous souls in our youthful band,  
 And warm hearts thrilled as we turned away ;  
 Yet we smiled when we offered the parting hand,  
 For our hopes were like dreams of the fairy land,  
 And the world in its beauty before us lay :—  
 But the noble and true ones, oh ! where are they ?  
 Their eyes beamed bright, and their cheeks were flushed,  
 And their voices glad, and their spirits bold ;  
 But their words in the stillness of death are hushed,  
 And their eyes are dimmed, and the hearts lie cold  
 That were warm and true in the days of old ;  
 For the train of years passed silently on,  
 And they've sunk to the grave's rest, one by one,  
 Till all to their slumbers are gone ! are gone !"

'They are gone ! they are gone !' and the vision dies  
 Like the mist that fades in the morning skies :—  
 For we may not gaze on the islands blest,  
 Nor tell who inhabits those realms of rest.

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Such, comrades, is the pathway of our life !  
 The poet thus the flitting dream hath told.  
 But oh ! who first shall perish in the strife,  
 Or who shall be the last lone pilgrim old,  
 No airy visions of the bard unfold.  
 Our doom stands written in the book of fate !  
 The hand mysterious hath for each enrolled  
 The 'writing on the wall,' and we but wait  
 Till all-revealing time the fatal words translate !

How soon the mystery may end, the grave  
 That hides the stranger boy, poor Russ, may tell,—  
 And BARNUM, fallen, ere the hand that gave  
 The classmate's weleome from its pressure fell.  
 And how the ghastly tyrant may dispel  
 The fairest, brightest hopes, the early doom  
 Of PINNEO revealeth, and the knell  
 That summoned CRANE, e'en in his manhood's bloom,—  
 Yet Faith shall look to heaven from ALLIS' lowly tomb.

'Tis a dark destiny that we must die!—  
 That we but flourish in our life a brief,  
 Brief moment ere we fade, and coldly lie  
 Forgotten in the trodden dust,—that grief  
 Must line these brows, and care without relief  
 These heads shall whiten, and the grave's dark breast  
 Shall seal us in its slumbers, and the chief  
 That treads out empires leave o'er us imprest,  
 Perchance, no token where we lie in dreamless rest!

Yet not forgotten be those early dead;  
 Their names 'mid memories of the past be shrined,  
 And o'er their doom the pitying tear be shed,  
 While, 'mid the wreaths for happy days entwined,  
 A faded leaf amid the flowers we bind,  
 A faded leaf amid the flowers alone,  
 Such fitting imagery their fate shall find,—  
 A shade amid the sun-lit landscape thrown,  
 A sweet enchanting harp, yet with a mournful tone.

The past is past forever! the light hours  
 That sped like magic, or the days that wore  
 The gloom of sorrow;—sunniness and showers,  
 And light and shadow, that in passing bore  
 So much of joy or grief, are gone, and o'er

The clouds that darkest lowered fond memory throws  
The bow of promise that they come no more ;  
And finds no visions of delight, from those  
Bright days of joy, more fair than that glad iris shows.

'Twere sweet to linger 'mid these records dear,  
In pleasant musing over pleasures fled,  
To bind the wreaths of joy, or drop the tear  
Over kind memories of the early dead ;  
But life's wide ocean to the view is spread,  
Propitious gales the floating canvas swell,  
The bark impatient waits, the hour is sped,  
Back flies the moving shore, the unyielding spell  
That bound us to our home is burst—farewell! FAREWELL!

How soon the mystery may end, the grave  
 That hides the stranger boy, poor Russ, may tell,—  
 And BARNUM, fallen, ere the hand that gave  
 The classmate's welcome from its pressure fell.  
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## VALEDICTORY ORATION.

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IDIOLATRY OF INTELLECT.

## O R A T I O N.

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SHOULD we be asked what we have done during this period of seclusion from which we are emerging, we are constrained to confess that we have withdrawn our minds from active effort in the business of life, that we have withheld our hands from daily toil; that the products which our labor would have yielded, the results which our skill might have produced do not appear; and that while others may point to this fabrie, and to that speeimen of art, while they may show the fruit of the field—the golden sheaves of honest toil—while they may delight in the manufaetured conveniences of life, wrought by their own hand, and exult in their labor as having already been appropriated to the use of human want, as having been at least a rivulet whose flow has rolled somewhat into the gulf of human desire,—we can claim for ourselves no such monument of our exertions; our unused, and therefore unskilled hand can boast of no eunning; our labor has fed no hunger, has clothed no nakedness. Consumers of other mens' toil, mere passengers thus far in the voyage of life, what wonder if those before the mast, if the sons of labor, fatigued with bearing their own burdens, grown restive under the weight of ours, should demand of us why we longer eat bread earned by no sweat of personal exertion? This question is a reasonable one. That a class of men, of *young* men, buoyant with spirit, whose very nature aches for aetivity, should repress this throbbing of life, should seelude themselves from aetive duties, should, as it were, riot on the

good things which labor alone produces, is an anomaly that needs explanation.—The reason is found in the fact that man has spiritual necessities, as well as physical wants. When you have enumerated and satisfied every bodily desire and appetite, when flesh and sense cry, hold! we are full,—the intellect, emaciated, hungering for the sustenance of life, the bodiless and invisible part of man requires the ministration of spirit, the teachings of the taught mind. It is to obtain this benefit for our incorporeal and intellectual nature, and, in turn, to diffuse the blessing, that we have borne to mingle in the business of life; that we have, many of us, abandoned useful and honorable occupations, that we have, all of us, been willing to subject physical comfort to the development of a higher mode of spiritual existence. We have indented ourselves apprentices to skillful masters, that we might become, so to speak, immaterial workmen; and we therefore expect not as the products of our labor to show material results, to exhibit like the assembled, and justly honored tillers of the soil, the various and valuable abundance of an agricultural fair.

Up to this time we have been working upon ourselves—have been struggling to know and to develop the mental faculties; but the moment of transition has come, the tide must flow outwards; and if it stands quivering, nay shrinking from the foaming confluence of rival waves, those who have grown old in strength will not deride the first ripple. Like the athlete we enter the arena, where the results of the past will appear in the shouts, or the hisses of a beholding world.

It is not therefore inappropriate to contemplate, for a moment, the actual working—the real effect—of that spiritual nature which it has been our care to cherish, as exhibited in the world we are so soon to enter.

A succession of changes is continually passing before us, some of which we feel that it is above any power of ours to effect, while others we recognize as the results of our own efforts. Within this latter class fall many changes in the material world. Forests and the wildness of the uncultivated plain give place to fruitful fields ; the products of earth and sea are touched by the transmuting finger of human skill ; new material shapes start up before us ; the implements of industry and art change their form ; the houses in which we live, the furniture that stocks and beautifies their interior, the garments that clothe our bodies, and the food that sustains them, take, under each succeeding generation of men, new modifications. The tornado sweeps across the face of a country, and, though there be not a living being left to describe its track, the change impressed upon matter indelibly marks its course : so does each generation of that countless host, that flows from the springs of life to the ocean of death, erect, as the monuments of its activity, piles and collections of matter, which, not the crumbling power of time, so much as the restless energy of a new race remodels or obliterates. It is, then, to the energy of the human intellect that these transformations of matter are to be traced. Wonderful and great they are,—in all ages a witness of that might which resides in man.

But material change, though it be evident to the senses, is not so important as that which results from the action of mind upon mind. That fluctuation of opinion, of purpose, of will ; that change of feeling, and of desire, which converts the objects we once pursued and loved into objects of loathing, which deters us from customary modes of action, and opens for us new avenues of exertion, which in fine revolutionizes the whole man,—is tracable to the changing influence of mind upon mind. What gives the power of persuading a practical value ? what imparts to argument utility ? but that by these mind receives a new impulse, is shaped to a new direction.

These great and surprising changes wrought by mind, naturally claim for it a high place ; they invest it with a consequence which raises it far above the fellowship of subaltern causes : hence in point of fact, mind, in the history of the world—if we regard it as operating upon matter—has caused more changes than the action of the elements,—if we regard it as operating upon mind—has had more effect than the united agency of all other causes. It need then be no great wonder that man, always more prone to idolatrous worship than to rightful adoration, should in his wanderings from the eternal source of all power, idolize, among meaner things, intellect,—the most favored, and best endowed creation of the Almighty. Nor is it a matter of surprise that, while grosser objects of adoration fade before the light of truth, and take their place among the follies of a past and uninstructed age, in the present the intellect should receive idolatrous regard.

Of the idolaters of intellect there are two classes, both of which are dazzled by its mighty achievements, and both, reading in it a capacity of improvement not as yet realized, bow the assenting knee. The one puts its trust in, and pays homage to, *abstract* intellect ; the other gives a greater tangibility to its faith, by worshipping an *individual* intellect. The former, less gross than the latter, ridding itself of the imperfections that cluster round a single intellect, even the most gifted, erects for itself an ideal divinity. The latter, with a taste less fastidious, is content to overlook the imperfections that attach to the individual : hence it takes to itself a person,—it finds a mind whose splendor so dazzles the admiring sight that it venerates as much the broad fields of darkness which begirt the orb, as it does its brightness. These two classes, though possessing much in common, are nevertheless entitled to a separate consideration.

If the mighty minds of all antiquity should reassume their bodies, and, along with the living talent of the present, should

pass individually before the idolaters of abstract intellect, as did the sons of Jesse before the prophet, they would see in no one of them the divinity which they adore. These votaries of talent are not bound by a common faith, are not reduced to a unity by the operation of a single all-controlling rule ; but each fashions for himself the intellect before which he bows. Hence it is that they agree in the dissatisfaction which they feel with any existing intellectual endowment ; that they agree in that charity which permits each to fashion, as seems best in his own eyes, an idol for himself.

In addition to this latitude, there enters another element—faith—a strong belief that the particular combination of mental traits which each pictures to himself as the perfection of our intellectual nature will yet appear ; that the Messiah of his hope will yet have an existence ; and that upon the human intellect a new day will dawn ; a new spring open upon the ripeness of autumn. Prompted by these bright anticipations of the future, waiting for a new revelation of talent, the tendency is to become disgusted with its alliance with the passions, and instead of giving, like sensible men, their earnest endeavor to place these principles of our nature in their true position, they would remove the one that they may deify the other.

The devotees of sense and pleasure find man a being of *too much* intellect ;—in their view, he would be a happier creature if his reason did not rebuke and stay the riot of sensual enjoyment ; while, on the other hand, these idolaters of intellect see in the passions a barrier to improvement, and could they be removed, the evil genius which has so long tyrannized over man, so long foiled his best efforts, would be exorcised, and he, once placed upon the track of improvement, would glide rapidly to perfection.

The worship of abstract intellect permits considerable freedom,—it delivers from servility to an individual, and is not wholly opposed to manly and independent thought, but it is nevertheless erroneous in principle, and pernicious in practice. It is erroneous in principle, inasmuch as it selects a *part* of man's nature as the especial object of favor, inasmuch as it dissevers what was meant to be a harmonious whole, and thus, by striving to disengage the passions from the intellect,—the motive agent from the reflecting and knowing faculty,—its only influence is, and must be, to act against the established harmony of nature.

Principle, so long as it remains inoperative, is like the seed buried in the frozen ground ;—as the vegetating power of nature quickens the seed, so practice, applying principle, gives it a life which is a truthful witness to its real nature. The deification of abstract intellect, in *practice* perplexes its votary with a vain contest with his own nature. Gushing from the heart there flow warm currents of affection, and the vain effort is to stanch these streams. The time that might be spent in invigorating the faculties ; in prosecuting known truths to their legitimate conclusions and results ; in widening the field of knowledge ; in reclaiming from perversion, in delivering from the jaws of willful abuse, principles which are in themselves correct,—is squandered in a useless contest with nature, is all consecrated to the service of an idol, all devoted to the deification of intellect.

This hasty view of this class of worshipers shall suffice ; a class to whom must be accorded the praise of refining much on their brethren, of escaping the *grossness* of error, and of comprising, as compared with them, a vast superiority of talent.

In order better to comprehend the effect of the degeneracy next to be noticed, the condition of mental development and growth needs attention. It is alleged that there is an obvious and inflexible rule maintained in the world of matter, while the existence of any law in mind is denied. We have waited upon the philosopher, have followed his teaching, have seen his practised hand separate and recombine atoms of obedient matter: his art has elicited the forces of nature, and developed the mode of their operation; his laborious study has interpreted the laws of the material universe, and assigned to floating motes and rolling worlds one and the same moving power. We turn from matter to mind; we look upon our fellows, and then in upon ourselves; the rising emotion we scrutinize, the nascent thought we examine, and we inquire for the law that directs, for the power that elicits the mind of man. And—because the current of thought naturally flows outward; because the mind is first engaged upon the external world; because habit, and the wants and the pleasures of the body, attach us to the world without, while the sequence of perpetual change that beautifies the operations of nature stimulates and absorbs the attention; because we do not understand that which we have never properly striven to know; because an imperative and irresistible intuition does not force upon our averted sight visions of the spiritual world,—we thence conclude that there is no law, other than confusion, that there is no order of development, other than chance, which obtains in this inner world.

That law, assignable law, holds sway over mind, reflection leaves no room to doubt. The conduct of every civilized community is defensible only on this ground. Society has wants, which are to be satisfied by the exertions of its members: there are trades, active occupations and pursuits, for which bone and muscle must be educated; there are professions, stations of responsibility and trust, for which mind must

be trained. The embryo mechanic enters the workshop, and the embryo student the school. The unpracticed eye and the unskilled hand of the former acquire precision and power over matter ; forms of material elegance and beauty, instruments of use, weapons of defense, inventions for comfort, and the subjugation of materials to the wish and happiness of man, evidence the teachings of the shop. The discipline of the school fixes the wandering thought upon the subject, brings every faculty under the will, multiplies every power, and causes the untutored mind, from being the mere sensorium of passion, to become a gushing spring of lucid thought. Thus, then, by the division which society makes of its members—securing to itself just that proportion of laborers upon matter and of workers upon mind which the public good requires—it recognizes a law over mind.

The condition of mental development is free, vigorous and continued mental exertion,—a condition which, perhaps, is oftener broken than any mental law, and which is illustrated in the growth of every educated mind, and also in the stinted powers of the mind careless of progress, and negligent of exertion. It would be needless, were it possible, to enumerate every mental law whose existence is shown by results which follow definite and known causes. The hunter knows that the collision of flint and steel generates fire, and though ignorant of the reason, his confidence is unshaken ; so knowledge of the laws of mind, as facts, may exist, though ignorance may obscure all else concerning them. If law did not exist over mind, the school, the academy, the college, would be useless ; with a view to a definite result, nothing could be enjoined, nothing forbidden : indifference would supersede choice, and casualty, severing the connection of cause and effect, become arbiter of every event.

Two youths, of equal age and strength, journey. They travel for years, the one in the free air of heaven, exposed to sun, and cloud, and cold ; the other, enclosed in his cushioned carriage, protected from the action of the elements, vibrates, not from the momentary yielding of the tense muscle to the rude shaking of the blast, but on the coiled spring, breaking the salutary roughness of a jolt. They journey to the mountain cliff: the one breasts the ascent, and, in the pride of manly strength, places his feet on the topmost peak ; the other, like an infant, is carried to the summit. The travelers stand side by side. Mark the contrast ! Stooping, pale and thin, chilled, and trembling, this one leans on the supporting arm of an attendant ; that one, girt with a muscular panoply of flesh, his face flushed with the excitement of delight, a noble specimen of manhood, dependent on no one, is master of himself. The eye marks the difference,—a difference due to no accidental cause. Physically, the one is an educated man, the other is not. These persons are a feeble type of the disparity subsisting between the mind obedient to the law of development and the mind which sins against it. For mind, disused to exertion, deprived of the solidity, strength, expansion and spirit which toil confers, becomes, like the inactive muscle, shrunk and shriveled, loses its functions, and sinks into a state of deplorable fatuity.

Being now better prepared to judge of any course of mental action, we return to the consideration of the idolatry of the individual intellect, and propose to view it rather as affecting the mind, than the heart,—to examine its *intellectual* rather than its *moral* relations. The miser may adore his gold, the mariner his ship, the husbandman his fields and flocks ; men, the object of whose desire is any thing short of that intellectual preëminence which the man of letters longs for, may idolize that object, and, though the idolatry may canker the heart, yet it will not paralyze the mind. These

several objects being what they are, not from any virtue residing in themselves, (for there is nothing in gold, in ships, or fields, or flocks, which challenges adoration,) but receiving their apotheosis from the worshiper, he in fact is the creator, and they the creatures ; he therefore holds over them the power of degrading them at will ; he does and must feel himself above them. Not so with the scholar. The mighty intellect which he idolizes is a source of power. There is in it a majesty, an inherent might, which overawe and drive deep the conviction that he is the slave, and it the master.—Cords may bind the body, manacles may fetter the limbs, and we call this degradation ; but the spirit of the captive may be unbound. In thought he may be the freest of the free, yet him we pity ; while the man that moves about among us, that eats and drinks and sleeps as he wishes, that has control over the physical part of his nature, though he is bound with a chain which the touch can not feel, or the eye see ; though into his spirit the drawn cords of abject servility sink deep,—we call a free man ; or, if we recognize in him the tokens of bondage, if we see enstamped on the currency of his mind the ‘image and superscription’ of the Cæsar he adores, we lightly pass over the idolatry, and call the idolater by the complimentary name of a disciple to his great master.

It is obvious that one effect of this idolatry of intellect is to take away self-reliance. Like soldiers, in the day of battle, looking to their general for orders, such a mind, in stupid dependence, dares not move till its master speaks. When the command is given, instead of that free and self-derived impulse that gives strength, that comports with the nature of mind, there is but an imparted action, little calculated to develop the faculties.—Self-reliance is the massive supporting pillar on which the intellectual temple rests. This—diligence must guard ; this—the instinct of life bids us preserve. If we lay aside the stern duties of the sentinel ; if we betake our-

selves to sport, and if, to heighten our merriment, we call into our presence some son of mind,—a Sampson of thought,—be sure he will find out that pillar, he will bow himself upon it, the temple of our pride falls, and we become the satellites of a superior genius, the mere pulsation of a more vigorous life. The sacrifice of self-reliance is the initiatory rite, the baptism of every idolater of intellect. The self-regulating power is gone ; independenee is a name ; slavery is a reality : it is vain, in this condition, to expect to be, or to perform the functions of—a freeman.

This evil is progressive. The next downward step is imitation. Two men walk the same road, and there is no necessity that there should be imitation. But if one man steps in the tracks of the other ; if he stops or stumbles, turns round or sits down, just when, and as, and because, his predecessor has done the same, what is he but an imitator ? So the same trade, art, science, or pursuit may be followed, the same objects aimed at, the same ends attained, all without imitation ; and also these several things may be attempted through imitation the most slavish. This the idolater of intellect does. Charmed by the strength and brilliancy of a superior mind ; delighted with its discoveries ; deceived in thinking that there is but one mode of intellectual life ; having lost self-reliance, but still being ambitious of success ; picturing to himself the pleasure and honor which will accrue from literary eminence ; the idolater of intellect, like the blind eagle while it would fain press on rising wing to the upper air, sinks earthward, stoops from the proud rivalry of genius to be but the imitative slave of greatness.

That the multitude whose pursuits are active, not studious, whose hands are educated, whose heads have brains, "*et pre-terea nihil*," should imitate in some degree their superiors in knowledge, is natural, it may be commendable ; but that the

scholar should become a monkey-man,—should deign to play the ape in his department,—should content himself to stand the sounding-board of what he thinks to be a voice better than his own, is to misapprehend his calling,—is to sin against his nature. Servile imitation has its foundation on a false principle. It overlooks that strong and marked individuality which characterizes genius. It is a generalization of unlikenesses, and, in the thought of the imitator, it often and strangely sets upon the inertness of satiety the gems of talent. With as much reason may we hope, by cultivation, to transmute the ground-supported melon to the erect and golden-headed wheat, as, by imitation, to bring mediocrity up to the level of genius. Should the vine rear itself upwards, leaves it might support, but fruit never: should the wheat crawl upon the ground, when would the reaper fill his bosom with sheaves?

Folly not unlike this, the idolized intellect imposes on its worshipers. The dumb, clay-made, gods of the heathen prescribe no religious rites; they leave the worshiper to suit himself in the kind and degree of homage which he pays them. Not so the idolized intellect. Its worshiper finds a creed to be received,—finds rites to be observed; he has a model to copy and opinions to defend. The self-relying mind that never bowed a cringing spirit to a fellow, has also opinions to maintain; but they are its own—begotten, not adopted. The idolaters of mind range themselves as the vassals of conflicting masters. They meet,—each presents to the other the opinion and thought current with his lord: both deny the truth of the other's belief, and like two ignorant subjects of different governments, the one denies the purity of the crown, and the other of the eagle,—and without any knowledge to test the coin, each maintains the other wrong. In one case a little chemistry would set the matter right; in the other, freedom of thought—a knowledge of the reason of an opinion, independent of the source whence it was derived, would settle

the difficulty. Thus it is that the idolatry of intellect engenders strife interminable ; provokes a dogmatical defense of idolized opinion ; contributes, not to the development of reason, but of passion,—not to the ascendancy of truth, so much as the glorification of individuals ; it bars the progress of discovery, by confining the course of human thought in time-worn channels ; and the field of truth, instead of being irrigated by rills, beautified by winding brooks, enlivened by murmuring streams, rendered accessible by broad flowing rivers, is inundated by the muddy wave of contending torrents.

The mind that idolizes intellect is cowardly. It is true that it possesses courage enough obstinately to contend for the opinions of the master intellect which it worships ; but to see with its own eyes, to hear and be convinced for itself, to use an independent judgment, to pursue a new current of thought, is a presumptuous treading upon holy ground. Such a mind trembles lest it should offend, not against the laws of its being,—inwrought by the hand divine into the very texture of the soul, which evidence its capacity of generating independent thought, and which clearly and imperatively set forth its duty to become self-active,—but lest it should offend against the dictation of idolized intellect.

The man who shrinks from bodily pain, can plead the strong impulse of nature ; the man who cowers before him who holds a secret which divulged would ruin reputation, barters his courage for a price ; the man who does slavish obeisance to the occupant of a throne, can plead that he receives therefor honor, office and subsistence ; the man, too, who becomes the vassal of sensuality—who falls prostrate at the nod of lust—who trembles, the half resisting yet catering slave to imperious appetite, has his reward, bestial though it be ;—but what reward has the idolater of intellect ? Not even the paltry satisfaction of concealment,—for he wears on his

forehead the brand of his master; not the soothing gratulation of applause,—*that* is bestowed on the leader whom he follows. Devoid of true self-respect, he lives a life of laborious insignificance, to have the unlamenting world say over his grave, “he was too cowardly to see with his own eyes,—he put them out, then sought a guide;—have they not both fallen into the ditch together?”

I hear a voice pleading thus for the idolater of intellect: “The sculptor may adore the chiseled marble,—it is but devotion to his art; the painter may worship the breathing beauty of the canvas,—it is but the strong feeling of profound genius; the poet may dote upon the beauty of the landscape—may sing hymns of praise to brook and field, to wind, cloud and storm—may worship great nature in any of her ten thousand forms,—it is but the irrepressible outbursting of poetic fire; the lover too, selecting some earth-born beauty, stops short of no extravagance of passion or of suffering while testifying his sense of female worth,—that he may exhibit the warm flow of affection in a feeling heart: why then may not the student,—to cheer him, if he have no taste for the objects which other men adore, choose a mighty and creative intellect; why may not exalted talent, that throbbing of Deity in man, become an object of adoration?”

Supposing idolatry and legitimate worship to be equally approved of *right*, passing over the effect upon the *heart*, let the attention rest upon the intellect, and weigh this plea for its idolatry. It does not appear that the worship, which the artist or the poet renders the objects of art or the forms of nature, relaxes that tension of the faculties on which depend vigor and development—contributes in any way to render the mind less self-relying—cumbers it with a contracting imitation, or in the least degree infects the native courage of the free mind with cowardice. On the other hand, examples

numberless prove that love has done for the intellect what the school never could do ; that it has awakened dormant energy, has called forth latent power, has melted the indifference of stupidity, and wrought up the mind to an amount of exertion and of action produced by no other cause. But when and where has the idolatry of intellect produced these effects ? How could it do so ?—since its known mode of operation is a direct contravention of the law of growth. Viewing then the literary man as a mere thing of mind, susceptible of no good other than its development, capable of no evil other than the cramping and weakening of its powers, the reason is obvious why he may worship with the artist, the poet, or the lover, and why he must religiously abstain from rendering to intellect that reverence which constitutes idolatry.

If we look at the idolater of intellect as fashioning for himself, though it be with the skill of a cunning workman, an ideal deity, or if we regard him as bowing to an actually existing intellect, we see that from his idolatry no good comes. To idolize the abstract, the ideal intellect, is to plant and to foster hopes which can bear no fruit ; it is to let in upon the mind the distracting and devastating influence of self-contention ; it is as though one instead of carving from marble an image distinct in limb and feature, should weary himself in forming the smoking mist of the hill-top into the likeness of his divinity. If we look at the second class of idolaters, we see the free mind yielding up its freedom ; and the first sacrifice it offers to its idolized deity is self-reliance, in which is involved the germ of every evil—which, when matured, results in that crowning curse, that blight of mind, the impotence which looks through a credulous faith up to a leader—that will neither understand, or think, or know for itself.

The subject which has passed before us may not be altogether inappropriate to ourselves, who enjoy the high privi-

lege of communing with the master minds both of the living and of the dead. While the view which has been taken would urge an independence of thought, it is manifest that this independence must have limitation. The community of letters is as truly dependent, as is the community of arts. The joiner receives the axe from the smith because it is useful for him to do so, not that he could not have been an axe-maker himself. The division of labor so necessary in the mechanical world, is no less so in the intellectual; but it implies no superiority,—it nowhere recognizes idolatry. The utility then is manifest which limits thought to a narrow field—which originated, and is multiplying professions—which fixes bounds to its independence in extent, but within them leaves it absolutely free. This is all the dependence that the man of letters should know;—not that he should spurn the opinions of others, and from a morbid fear of idolizing something out of himself, should come to that greater folly of idolizing himself; but he should sit, like a sworn juror, firm in his allegiance to truth, passing a free and unbiased judgment on the opinions of those eminent in his profession; he should dare, if need be, singularity; he should defy opposition to the teachings of that full and free investigation which elicits truth, and which challenges belief; he should as zealously resist, as a man of letters, the idolatry of intellect, as he would, as a Christian, oppose the worship of a graven image.

Our connection with this institution as learners ceases to-day, and we are assembled with feelings which we cannot express, to take leave of instructors whom we revere, younger brethren whom we esteem, and classmates whom we love. When our feet first trod these shady walks, when they first entered these honored halls, once thronged by multitudes unknown to us, we felt a kind of reverence for the place, so linked in association to the memories of the great and good who rest from their labors—so cherished in the hearts of many whom

we delight to honor; and as we are about to leave these seats of learning, our first emotion strengthens—it settles into an undying attachment. But our hearts glow with a brighter flame than that which should blaze round any, though it be a consecrated locality; they forget *place*, that they may remember *persons*.

You whom we leave behind us, whose hands have plucked fruit from the same bough with ours, you will soon rejoin us. Class after class, a welcome reinforcement, you will enter, not as here, the quietness of the camp, but the battle-ranks of life. We shall need you in the field. Come strong for the contest, and, till then—FAREWELL!

(*To the Faculty.*)—Gentlemen, we meet you to-day in a new character, not to sit, as we are wont, as learners at your feet, but to chronicle the hour when your instructions cease, and our privileges end. No professions of attachment, or of regret at parting, will be half so grateful to you, or so well evince our sense of obligation, as to see the truths you have taught, the principles you have inculcated, received and acted upon by your pupils in their subsequent life. This is the instructor's only hope. Precluded from action, he must live and act through the recipients of his teachings. We flatter ourselves that you will see in our after life an honest, though it may not be in every case a successful effort, to realize, and to give tangible existence to truths taught by you, and that this endeavor will be to you a constant memento of our esteem, and to us a ceaseless acknowledgment of gratitude.

OUR VENERATED PRESIDENT, to your experienced eye this day brings nothing new, but to us it is an era. Our inexperience will encounter perplexity and trial, but it will then revert to your counsels, will ground itself on principles illustrated and enforced by your precepts, and they shall live embalmed in our grateful memories.

The mellowness of age and the wisdom of years remind us of a sadder parting—than this which sends, with a father's blessing, the sons of his care to carry the principles of their home into the wide world. May it be many years ere the “chariot of fire” shall bear away from the family that remain, our honored head!—many, many years ere a class shall go hence “sorrowing most of all, that they shall see thy face no more!”

MY CLASSMATES, we wake to-day to the voice of a new sound; the call of the bell, the shuffling of hurried feet, the rustling of books, the mild and winning words of instruction, with which we have so long been familiar, cease; and are succeeded by the strange rumbling of the world's machinery, by the hard-breathing accents of earnest men, by the busy strokes of industry, by the furious trampling of the spirit of gain, by the soft song of pleasure, and by the ocean roar of passion. Among these elements of contrariety and strife, we enter to be driven like the leaf in the wind, or to stand firm as the mountain cliff, around whose head the blast howls threats of enraged impotence.

Our predecessors who stand at the post of toil, and of honor, invite us to share their labors; they urge us to coöperate with them in radiating upon the world the light of a more glorious day; science and art stand at the entrance of an unpenetrated cave ready to confide to our hands the torch of discovery, lighted by the illustrious gone before us; philanthropy, bathing in compassion the temples of suffering humanity pressed upon by the age-accumulated wrongs of custom and of power, but too weak in herself to roll off the weight, implores us to put our shoulders thereto; virtue insulted by foes, injured by ignorant friends, is turning to us for timely support: the world of matter and of mind stretches before us an expanse of desolation to be cultivated and reclaimed to the use of man. In

other words, the community expect us to do something. Time spent in preparation should end in years of exertion. We should not enter the ranks of our fellow men merely to be acted upon, to wrap ourselves in a complacent passivity, and so float to the grave. Ours is a *life*, and to live is to act so as to impress motion; so as to give form and character, strength and goodness, to the recipients of our power.

Our minds naturally revert to the past,—they look forward to the future; we remember when we saw each other as strangers, and when the morn of acquaintance dawned upon us,—and we can never forget this full-orbed noon of friendship which has succeeded that morn. Had our parting been in the first or the second stage of progress it would better have suited the formality of a public farewell; but as it is, each feels that he is, for himself, to take the parting hand, for himself to speak the last adieu.

Death has laid his heavy hand upon us; this, and that classmate, another, another, and still another, has he removed. Let us cherish their memory; let us do deeds of charity, deeds of love, in their name; let us perform for them feats of thought; let us enter the contest of mind, and, like the victor returning from battle, let us hang the prize over the grave where they sleep, an offering,—fitting the early transit of genius,—honorable in a classmate to give.

There is a sadness which mantles this parting hour; on each countenance rests a visible thoughtfulness; each motion has a voice indicative of inward feeling, which seems to say—‘separation from the scenes and pursuits we enjoy—separation from the friends we love—how painful!’

As the rain descends to sink below the surface, to seek out each fibre of vegetable life, to gush in crystal streams

from the hillside, to bound with merry step through the fertilized valley, to roll in confluent channels home to the parent ocean, so may we, imitating the benevolence of nature, be employed on a like mission of mercy; the friends of humanity—wedded to truth, the friends of religion—practicing virtue, may we all be assembled, as we are this day, in the eternal courts of our heavenly home. Till that hour of meeting, that glad moment which no parting follows, I bid you, my classmates, an affectionate FAREWELL!

## P A R T I N G   O D E.

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TUNE.—*Fionnuala.*

### I.

SWIFTLY the years of our brief life are flying,  
Swiftly its pleasures are passing away.  
Like murmuring breezes through Autumn woods sighing,  
Sad are the notes of their parting lay.  
'Tis like a dream, so sweet, so fleeting,  
Time of friendship's happy reign :  
May we all, the rude world meeting,  
Find such faithful spirits there again !

### II.

Yet as we float along life's peaceful river,  
Backward we'll look to the bowers of YALE,  
And, though it may be we have parted forever,  
Wish for each other a fav'ring gale.  
Parted forever ! words of sorrow,  
Rending hearts whose life is love !  
Yon bright sun will rise to-morrow,  
May we meet again in Heav'n above.

### III.

Linger we here yet a few moments longer,  
Hand joined to hand, and let heart beat with heart.  
May the bright chain of affection grow stronger,  
Enmity wither before we part.  
Then let us go, a band of brothers,  
From these scenes we love so well ;  
See, the porch is filled by others,  
Waiting now the student throng to swell.

## IV.

Soon shall our places by others be taken,  
 Leaving for learning their “ loved native home ; ”  
 And others the notes of the anthem will waken,  
 When we have gone through the world to roam.  
 Yet shall we oft in spirit viewing  
 These fond scenes, each other greet,  
 Hoping that when life renewing,  
 We may all in joy together meet.

## V.

Brightly the future lies spread out before us,  
 Sweet are the dreams of the young trusting soul,  
 May sorrow her mantle of gloom ne’er cast over us,  
 Cloudless the sky till we reach life’s goal.  
 Then may the sun which knows no setting,  
 Warm our hearts with life and love ;  
 And, at last, life’s cares forgetting,  
 May we tread the shining courts above.

## VI.

Never the soul knows the depth of its feeling,  
 Till it is called from its loved ones to part :  
 Ah ! now do we learn, this sad hour revealing,  
 How dear these scenes are to every heart.  
 Sad is the word which must be spoken,  
 Though it be the spirit’s knell—  
 Now the binding charm is broken  
 By the last, the ling’ring word, FAREWELL !

C. A. M.

YALE COLLEGE, July, 1844.